

Will's (happy) announcement by Mieh

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Summary:

This work is dedicated to my wonderful friend, who couldn't find any Mpreg stories of her favourite pairing.

Hah! I told you, I would find one! (Although it took me longer than ten minutes and my grammar is horrible)

Will's (happy) announcement

When Mike reached the door of his apartment, he was out of breath. It was on the fourth floor and when he bought it, he thought walking up the stairs every day would keep him healthy, something that was necessary when one had to work eight hours every day sitting on an office chair and signing papers.

When he was younger he always wanted to have an exciting job like pilot or police officer, but his parents spent a long time convincing him, that you can't earn money and support a family with this kind of work. Now he was caught in a well paid, but boring job and not much family to support.

He fumbled with his keys, cursing when he couldn't find the right one.

Finally he unlocked the door and bursted into the hall.

"Will!" he shouted.

Silence answered him. Then a quiet voice called from the living room.

"Mike? I'm here."

When Mike stepped into the room, the reason of his distress was sitting on the sofa, wearing his favourite grey sloth pyjamas and eating ice cream and something that looked like pickles.

Mike was relieved. In the morning Will had been sick and had decided to stay at home. Mike didn't think much about it, but half an hour ago he had gotten a call from him. Will had asked him to come home and he sounded shocked. Mike couldn't help but fear the return of the shadow monster or one of the other creatures that haunted his boyfriend and him in their youth. All this was a long time ago but Mike was far from forgetting it.

But now that he saw Will he looked relatively normal, well except for the pickles but he recently started eating pickles and hot sauce with every meal and bursting into tears over bagginshield fanfictions. Who was Mike to judge him?

"Will? What is it? Is everything okay?" He asked with a voice that still had traces of the panic he was in, when he got the call.

Will looked at him with tears in his eyes.

“I went to see a doctor today”

The panic returned. “There’s a reason, why I have to puke every morning and it also explains my mood swings.”

When Mike didn’t answer, Will sighed. “I don’t know how this is possible. The doctor didn’t know either, but the fact is that I’m pregnant.”

There was a long silence.

“You’re joking.” Mike said flatly.

“No I’m not”

Mike looked at Will. Then at Will’s stomach.

Then he fainted.

Three hours and a phone call with a very distressed sounding doctor later, Mike finally accepted that he was in fact not joking and while Will got more and more hysterical, now that his state of shock ceased, Mike on the other side felt strangely calm. After he had talked with the doctor about the health risks for Will and got told that they were probably not bigger than those of a woman are, he actually started to feel excited and happy.

Why shouldn’t they have a baby? At least he would then find some sense in his dull work.

Mike sat besides the crying mess that was Will and stroked his hair. He kissed him softly.

“Everything is gonna be okay my little sloth” he whispered and held him in his arms, giving Will the support he needed.

Will smiled at this silly nickname.

He hoped desperately Mike was right.

Author's Note:

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